

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania. By the Rev. Thomas Smart Hughes, late Fellow of St. John's, and now Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge. Illustrated with Engravings of Maps, Scenery, Plans, &c. 2 vols. 4to. pp. 925. London, 1820.

Among the numerous publications that have issued from the press during a season remarkable for being fertile in literary productions, there has not appeared a more interesting and valuable work than the volumes before us. We shall, perhaps, be told, that Sicily, Greece, and Albania have been so amply explored by preceding travellers, that they can present little novelty; but there is no country so barren in interest, no tract so beaten, but that it will supply something new to a watchful and intelligent traveller.

It has been the custom, (we had almost said the fault,) of most of our travellers in Greece, to confine themselves to classical researches and to critical examinations of the antiquities they met with, and to neglect, in a great measure, the present state of society and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. This, however, is not the case with Mr. Hughes, who, while he discovers an intimate acquaintance with the monuments and records of antiquity, and gives ample details respecting them, has devoted considerable attention to the present state of the countries through which he has travelled. The style of Mr. Hughes is always perspicuous, and often eloquent; his reflections are generally acute and ingenious, and he discovers an acquaintance with men and things, which is only to be obtained by close observation.

It was in the latter end of the year 1812, that Mr. Hughes accompanied his friend, Mr. Parker, (to whom this work is dedicated,) on a tour through several countries bordering on the Mediterranean; they landed at Gibraltar, and made a short excursion into Spain, but the war in that country did not render it very agreeable for amateur travellers; they, therefore, sailed for Palermo, where they landed just at the time that the island was menaced with invasion by a strong force upon the Calabrian coast. Here Mr. H. could not but observe the imbecility of the reigning family, the dissolute morals of the nobles, the perversion of justice, and the iniquity of the laws. It was, however, still gratifying to an Englishman, to observe the efforts made by Great Britain to recover this ally from such a state of national degradation; but, says Mr. Hughes, 'the pure blood of the English constitution refused to mix with the corrupt mass of the Sicilian state; and it was found impracticable to graft an enlightened code of laws upon a nation immersed in ignorance, superstition, and immorality.' The attempt to introduce a representative system in Sicily failed completely, and mar-

tial law was established. The firmness of the British, however, preserved the country from the French, and maintained us the only refuge of its sovereign and nobles. Mr. Hughes gives a curious account of the Sicilian legislature. He says,—

'The house of parliament, neither moderated by discretion nor conducted with dignity, bore the semblance of a receptacle for lunatics, instead of a council-room for legislators; and the disgraceful scenes so often enacted at the hustings in England, were here transferred to the very floor of the senate. As soon as the president had proposed the subject for debate, and restored some degree of order from the confusion of tongues that followed, a system of crimination and recrimination was invariably commenced by several speakers, accompanied with such furious gesticulations and hideous contortions of countenance, such bitter taunts and personal invectives, that blows generally ensued: this was the signal for universal uproar; the president's voice was unheeded and unheard; the whole house arose, partisans of different antagonists mingled in the affray, when the ground was literally seen covered with combatants, kicking, biting, scratching, and exhibiting all the evolutions and manœuvres of the old Pæanistic contests. Such a state of things could not be expected to last a long time; indeed, this constitutional synod was dissolved in the very first year of its creation, and martial law established. The fault of the British government seems to have consisted in this, that it went too far for the furtherance of tranquillity, and not far enough for the security of civil liberty; it endeavoured to make a representative government amalgamate with feudal rights, ecclesiastical privileges, and a wretched system of bigotry and intolerance; either it ought to have first levelled these obstructions before it built up the sacred edifice of freedom, or have contented itself with introducing some practical reform into the established system of Sicilian legislature.'

Immorality is at its height in Sicily; but the female sex are both in morals and manners superior to the men; they are, however, destitute of useful or ornamental accomplishments, and intellectual attainments are thought quite superfluous. Both the men and women are ill dressed; and the cast-off fashions of the English are here revived in the highest circles. From the defects of their education, proceeds a degrading familiarity with inferiors, which is prevalent among the higher classes:—

'I have seen,' says Mr. H., 'a Sicilian nobleman, a court favourite, and superintendant of a royal palace, seated in an old chair at his own door, between his cook and butler, to enjoy a social chat in the cool of the evening. I have also seen the head servant in a family of the first rank, help to entertain his master's guests by his skill at billiards in the morning, and by his powers of conversation at the dinner-table, where he stood to carve the meat: no very high estimate of manners will be formed where both sexes spit without ceremony upon the floor of a drawing-room, and carry off in their pockets confectionary and other relics of a dinner.'

Literature and science are at a very low ebb in Sicily, chiefly through the want of encouragement. The middle

and lower classes are amused with festivals and processions, and occasionally a lottery, in which, though very specious, the most valuable prizes invariably find their way into royal pockets:—

‘As for the superstition of the lower orders, it is extreme; in many instances turning to infidelity, in others to a vile debasement of intellect. and in some to downright blasphemy; for instance, the Devil is very commonly invoked as a saint, and the public houses hang out for a sign of invitation, not the chequers, or a Turk’s head, but the extraordinary phrase of “*Viva la Divina Provvidenza*,”—“Long live Divine Providence.”’

Inebriety is a vice of rare occurrence, but the stiletto is still used by the populace; and many of our soldiers, in their nocturnal rambles, fell beneath its point. The streets are badly lighted, and when the most atrocious crimes are committed, no measures are taken for the discovery of the perpetrators:—

‘Justice is often put up to the highest bidder; the powers of the magistrate are scarcely able to support his authority; and his salary so small and badly paid, that the rogue must be poor indeed who cannot afford to bribe him.’ * * *

‘Favouritism has existed in its most injurious forms, and court intrigue has been the sole study of the great; privilege has monopolised all honours, offices, and distinctions; property and civil liberty have no security from rapacity and caprice; justice has become venal; murder knows the price of its impunity; and the unequal distribution of the criminal law has instigated individuals to become their own avengers; commerce has been fettered by the most grievous ties; the pressure of taxation has fallen upon the necessities, not the luxuries of life, whilst the revenue thence arising has been expended in profligacy, to the neglect of all improvements, physical and moral;—add to all this, that the diffusion of knowledge has been prohibited by the darkest veil that superstition ever spread before its enlightening rays, that liberty has invariably been opposed by the priesthood, a body of men too bigotted, too intolerant, too dependent to endure its very name, and the reader will have some faint idea of the political state of Sicily.’

From this frightful picture of society in a Christian country, in the nineteenth century, we turn with pleasure to the ruins of a city which was a phenomenon of political prosperity, and where the goodness of the laws gave wealth and peace to an immense population; we allude to Agrigentum. We cannot follow our author in his description of the splendid site of this once magnificent city, nor the account of its temples; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with one extract:—

‘Agrigentum, in its site, possessed something of the magnificent peculiar to itself. Nature traced out its plan in a vast platform of rock; art had but to perfect the design of that great architect. This magnificent area, which is nearly square, is elevated to a very considerable height above the surrounding territory; its perpendicular precipices formed the basis for walls; ravines penetrating into the interior, offered most commodious situations for gates, whilst numerous little eminences scattered about within, seemed as if designed for the advantageous display of noble edifices. Imagination can scarcely conceive a more glorious prospect than that which the southern cliff of this great city once displayed, surmounted by a long unbroken line of the finest monuments of Grecian art! Amongst them stood six majestic temples, of that severe Doric order, which so happily combines elegance and simplicity with solidity and grandeur. The south-east angle is still seen crowned with the ruined colonnade of Juno Lacinia, surrounded by broken masses of its entablature; next to it is a very fine temple, nearly entire, except the roof,

commonly supposed to have been dedicated to Concord, being indebted, for this extraordinary state of preservation, to the piety of those ages which converted it into a Christian church. That of Hercules, the next in order, seems to have been demolished by the violence of an earthquake, as it lies in all the confusion which such an overthrow would be expected to occasion. This was one of the finest temples in Agrigentum, and held by the citizens in peculiar veneration; in size and plan it resembled the Parthenon of Athens, and contained several chef d’œuvres of painting and statuary. Its inimitable picture of Hercules strangling the serpents, was presented to the Agrigentines by Zeuxis; the adytum was adorned with a miracle of art, a statue of the presiding deity, by Myro, who inscribed his own name upon the thigh, in small studs of silver. Cicero, in his lively description of a nocturnal attempt made by the emissaries of Verres to carry off this statue, takes notice of a circumstance, which shews how similar are the effects of superstition in all ages: he observes, that its mouth and chin, though made of bronze, were actually worn by the kisses of its admiring votaries; “*oscula perspicuo figunt impressa metallo*.” By a similar instance of zealous devotion, Jupiter Capitolinus, who was catholically metamorphosed into a St. Peter, and at present occupies his chair at Rome, has nearly lost the toes of one foot.’

The temple of Olympian Jupiter was one of the grandest in Agrigentum. Mr. Hughes was able to confirm the assertion of Diodorus, ‘that a man could shelter himself in the strigæ, or fluting, of the columns,’ for, on measuring some fluting attached to one of the prostrate capitals, he found it twenty inches in curvature. Mr. Hughes also corrects an error of Denon, who, in his description of this fabric, says, that the ancient architects *never* placed sculpture in the pediments of their temples, whereas the practice was almost universal.

The modern city of Girgenti, which occupies the summit of Mount Canicrus, is a meanly built town, containing about fifteen thousand inhabitants. It possesses little worthy of notice, except a public library of about twenty thousand volumes, rich in the best editions of the classics, &c.

In travelling to Castro Giovanni, the journey was enlivened by joyous songs and chorusses of the country people finishing their harvest, and celebrating the season with festive mirth and bands of music; frequently, long trains of both sexes were observed with garlands of flowers, following their coryphæus, or leader, whose solo verse was repeated by the rest in chorus; and sometimes a Madonna, decked in ribbons, or a pasteboard saint accompanied their processions.

The following account of an execution at Palermo, terrible as it may appear, Mr. Hughes thinks more lenient towards the criminal than the plan pursued in our country, and much more efficacious in the impressive warning which it conveys to others:—

‘Early in the morning, the garrison was drawn out under arms, and nearly the whole population of the city assembled in the Piazza Marina. At eight o’clock, the first culprit was brought out upon a moveable platform, on which stood two executioners and a priest, who, as the machine was wheeled along, repeated a set of prayers in a loud voice that echoed round the square: three monks, clothed in long robes of white, that covered the whole person except the eyes, marched before, holding crucifixes, attached to long staves, before the face of the criminal. Arrived under the gallows, whilst the rope was adjusted, the confessor repeated his last prayer, in which he was joined by the unhappy man, who probably foreseeing the fatal signal, hesitated in repeating the concluding words of *Giesu Christo*: the priest again distinctly pro-

nounced them in a tone which made one shrink with horror, and seemed to recal the spirit that had already almost left its mortal frame: with an expiring effort the name of him who died to save mankind, was repeated by the malefactor, when one of the executioners, who had seated himself like a demon upon the top of the gallows, jumped down upon his head, as the other, clasping him round the body with his arms, swung him from the platform: there they all three hung together in a terrific group, which might vie with the imaginary horrors of a Dante. In about five minutes, life being quite extinct, the body was lowered to the ground; the head and hands were cut off with a sharp knife, enclosed in an iron case, and suspended over the great door of the prison.'

From Castro Giovanni, Mr. Hughes went to Syracuse, of which he gives a compendious history, with a detailed account of its monuments. This once great and powerful city, now scarcely numbers 12000 inhabitants; its streets are narrow and dirty; its nobles poor; its commonalty ignorant, idle, and superstitious; much of its fertile land has become a pestilential marsh, and that commerce which once filled the finest port in Europe with vessels from every maritime power of the Mediterranean, is confined to a petty trade carried on by a few small trabbacole. Such is modern Syracuse!

Our author visited the site of Acradina, and the church and catacombs of San Giovanni. The latter he thus describes:—

'Contiguous to this crypt are those celebrated depositaries of the dead, called the catacombs of San Giovanni, said to be far more curious in their plan and construction than those of Rome or Naples. The ancient tenant of a neighbouring hermitage is the guide to these sepulchral labyrinths. With the venerable padre and several peasants well provided with torches, we descended by steps cut in the rock to this dark and gloomy city of the dead, in whose long caverns, shrouded as it were by silence, one starts at the dull echoes of the human voice as at some unearthly sound. Having sent forward our torch-bearers, we proceeded up the principal street or avenue, which is about ten feet high, and runs to a great distance in a strait direction, being full as broad as the generality of streets in Sicilian towns: its whole length cannot be determined, on account of a lapse of earth which has taken place. We penetrated to the distance of about 200 yards, observing, as we went along, deep contiguous recesses on each side, cut in the rock, with arched roofs, containing many parallel cubitories or receptacles for the tenants of this dreary domain, who here lie peaceably side by side after the feverish fit of life: some of the recesses appear to have been private property, from the marks of gates and locks by which they were secured. A great number of streets run parallel to the principal one: transverse ones cut it at oblique and right angles, whilst others, taking a circuitous course, lead to spacious squares and corridors formed by different converging avenues: in the more conspicuous situation which these areas afford, are found many detached tombs of a large size, destined probably for the reception of distinguished chiefs or holy saints. The walls of the recesses are covered with a fine stucco, painted upon a vermilion ground with various colours and devices, amongst which we observed a number of monograms and symbolical devices, palm-trees, doves, peacocks, processions, and funeral ceremonies: but the smoke of torches has greatly impaired the beauty of their designs.'

The account of the Lantomia, in which the celebrated grotto called the *Ear* of Dionysius, is still to be seen, is interesting. Mr. Hughes says the cave is constructed according to the resemblance of an human ear, and is endowed with some extraordinary properties of sound; but he dismisses the story about Dionysius as a vulgar error:—

'We proceeded direct to the celebrated Lantomia, the

most spacious of all except that of Epipolæ, and for its eminent beauty called by the Sicilians "Il Paradiso." The depth of this quarry is at least a hundred feet below the surface of the rock: the bottom, covered with a rich mould, produces orange and lemon-trees of the most luxuriant growth, with an infinite variety of shrubs and flowers: transparent water from the broken aqueducts sparkles as it flows down the sides amidst festoons of creepers and parasitical plants, and being received into basins, or led into channels, gives a perpetual verdure to delightful gardens. Add to these features the contrast of dark and spacious caverns, ancient aqueducts, with large isolated masses of rock, and the reader may form some idea of this subterranean paradise—but to know all its delights, he should feel the agreeable sensation of its delicious coolness in a Syracusan summer; he should be able to contrast with it, in his imagination, those gloomy scenes which it once displayed, when its walls echoed with the groans of miserable captives, and its floor was watered with their tears. Here the poor Athenian prisoners suffered the accumulated tortures of hunger and thirst, of mid-day heat and midnight cold, tortures which were still less galling than the reflections of men who came in the full confidence of anticipated triumph to that city in whose dungeons they were doomed to perish. Here the infamous Verres incarcerated not only Syracusan subjects, but even Roman citizens, whom he despatched without even the formalities of a trial, until that expression "*Civis Romanus sum*," which was revered by barbarians, became the very cause of tortures and of death to the wretched victims of a Roman prætor. Here Dionysius is reported to have detained many persons of quality from maxims of state policy, and others from caprice; and to this place of confinement public criminals from other Sicilian states were sent, whose safe custody was a matter of importance. Here parents brought into existence a miserable offspring, who grew up without any knowledge of a world beyond the limits of their prison, and who are described as starting with terror and alarm at the sight of horses and chariots, which they beheld in the city when they happened to be liberated.'

Having descended into the chamber of Dionysius, our author and his companion made several experiments upon the power of the *ear* in conveying and increasing sound. He says,—

'The whisper of a person at the farthest extremity is heard very distinctly by a listener at the entrance, applying his ear to the wall, provided the whisperer speaks slowly and distinctly, and at the same time brings his mouth nearly in contact with the side of the grotto: a very low whisper is heard only as an indistinct murmur; the full voice is drowned in the confusion of the echoes. The voices of several persons speaking at the same time are as unintelligible as the cackling of geese, so that if the ancient Sicilians were half as loquacious as the modern, who always chatter in concert, they must very often have put the listening tyrant to a nonplus. The most agreeable effect produced, was by the notes of a german-flute, the finest by a bugle-horn; the sound in both instances being multiplied till it appeared almost like a band of music. I think therefore, upon the whole, that the reader will agree with me in considering these experiments unfavourable to the common tradition, and that the prisoners must have been well tutored beforehand to have sustained their parts in the drama. The design of this curious cavern must in all probability remain for ever a mystery; a mystery which, like many others, if unravelled, would confer no benefit upon society, but rather destroy a source of harmless investigation and innocent amusement: if I were to form an opinion upon the subject, I should incline to consider it as an experiment in acoustics by some ingenious mechanic of the school of Archimedes, who found this rock better suited to his purpose than that which was first attempted in the garden of the Capuchins. Before we quitted the lantomia, we took the measure of this grotto, as well as we were able, and found it 183 feet

in length, varying at different parts in breadth from 16 to 21, 25, and 33 feet: the height appeared to be about 70. The shape of the ground plan in some measure resembles the letter S, the sides incline to each other in a wavy line towards the roof, which is finished by a narrow channel five feet eight inches in depth, and decreasing in breadth from three feet three inches to one foot eight inches. At about mean distance on the right hand side, is a large and deep recess or chamber, of the shape here represented, [nearly the form of a bell,] which is called the tympanum of the ear. A considerable number of stone rings have been cut in the sides of the cavern, to which, as the story goes, the prisoners were attached; but as a child could break them, the story is at once refuted—they are probably of modern addition.

Passing over our author's visit to Mount Etna, which has been so often, though seldom so well described by former tourists, we accompany him to Messina, 'the city of the Virgin,' where superstition is at its height, and where the inhabitants still show a copy of a letter written by her own hand, sent from Jerusalem for the purpose of taking them under her special protection. The festival of the Bara, held on the feast of the Assumption, will confirm the character of the people of Messina for superstition:—

'The pomp commences with a train of nobles and city magistrates with their insignia of office, and decked in their most splendid habiliments; then follow the military, both cavalry and infantry, with banners flying, to the sound of martial music; next come the fraternities of monks and friars, a motley crew, black, white, and grey, bound round with knotted cords, and loaded with relics and crucifixes: these precede an immense car, equal in height to the very tops of the houses, which totters as it is dragged along with ropes by many hundreds of cattle in the shape of men. The crowds that follow are innumerable, from town and country. The lower story of this moveable tower is embellished with hangings of rich silk and velvet, forming an imaginary sepulchre for the virgin; it is filled with a band of musicians and a choir, who chaunt solemn dirges over the body of the deceased. Twelve youths, with brazen glories on their heads, encircle this tomb externally, to represent the twelve apostles: round them a circular frame carries with an horizontal motion, from right to left, several little children attached to it, in flowing robes and painted wings, to support the character of angels. Upon the platform of the second story stands a company of prophets chanting the Madonna's praises; and in front of this prophetic choir a large image of the sun, revolving with a vertical motion, carries round six infants affixed to the ends of its principal rays, and styled the cherubim: six more on the other side perform similar revolutions upon a figure of the moon. The third story is decorated with a tribe of singing patriarchs, around whom a circular frame moves horizontally, from left to right, with a train of seraphim. Over the heads of the patriarchal family is fixed a large sphere, painted sky-blue, and figured with golden stars; little winged infants flit around this, under the denomination of "moving intelligences," or "souls of the universe:" upon the sphere itself stands a damsel fifteen or sixteen years old, decked in embroidered robes glittering with spangles, in the character of our Saviour; and in her right hand, stretched out and supported by iron machinery, she holds a beautiful child, who represents the soul of the blessed virgin.

'At an appointed signal, this well-freighted car begins to move, when it is welcomed with reiterated shouts and vivas by the infatuated populace; drums and trumpets play, the Dutch concert in the machine commences, and thousands of pateraroes fired off by a train of gunpowder make even the shores of Calabria re-echo with the sound: then angels, cherubim, seraphim, and animated intelligences all begin to revolve, in such implicated orbits as make even the spectators giddy with the sight; but alas! for the unfortunate little

actors in the pantomime: they, in spite of their heavenly characters, are soon doomed to experience the infirmities of mortality: angels droop—cherubims are scared out of their wits—seraphims set up outrageous cries—souls of the universe faint away, and moving intelligences are moved by the most terrible inversion of the peristaltic motion: then thrice happy are those to whom an upper station has been allotted. Some of the young brats, in spite of the fracas, seem highly delighted with their ride, and eat their gingerbread with the utmost composure as they perform their evolutions: it not unfrequently happens that one or more of these poor innocents fall victims to this revolutionary system, and earn the crown of martyrdom. But imagination can scarcely conceive the violent gestures and frantic exclamations of the crowd below, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, calling out the name of the Madonna in the most impassioned manner, and trampling each other down in eager haste to kiss the sacred car, or touch it with wax tapers, which are thus impregnated with all the virtues of an apothecary's shop: the scene can be compared to nothing but bedlam broke loose, or a set of ancient bacchanals in the celebration of their mystic orgies.'

At different places the pageant stops, when the personage who blasphemously personates our Saviour, addresses the soul of his mother in Sicilian verse, to which she returns an answer:—

'This ended, they both make frequent signs of the cross in the air and pronounce a benediction over the people, who receive it even with tears of devotion. Then the tottering car again moves forward, the pateraroes roar, and the sky is rent with reiterated shouts. The pageant closes in the great square opposite the cathedral, where two enormous equestrian statues are erected of pasteboard, representing Cham and Rhea, the supposed founders of Messina; they are called by the vulgar Madre and Griffona, and serve to frighten children like our Gog and Magog.

'During the following week, the principal performers in this celestial drama, pay their visits to the inhabitants, in full costume, to receive their contributions. As all these children are considered sacred and under the peculiar patronage of the Madonna, a place upon the machine is eagerly sought for by their parents, and a ray of the sun or moon brings no inconsiderable profit to their proprietors. In this manner is the "Santissima Virgine" honoured on the festival of her assumption.'

(To be continued.)

The River Duddon, a Series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia, with other Poems. To which is annexed, a Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. London, 1820.

NOTHING is more natural than that the Lake poet should select a river for the subject of his muse; but what a name and what a river for inspiring a poet's imagination, Duddon!—And yet the sonnets Mr. Wordsworth has written on it will make the name, obscure and uncouth as it is, pretty widely known. His success in this instance, reminds us of an anecdote rather apt to the purpose. Two footpads, after a most desperate struggle, succeeded in robbing a poor Scotchman of sixpence. In retiring with their booty, one of them exclaimed to the other, 'what a resistance the fellow made, and that too only for a sixpence. I suppose if the fellow had had eighteen pence, he would have beaten us both!' And when we see the beautiful verses Mr. Wordsworth has written on this insignificant river, with its barbarous name, we may exclaim,—what would he not have written had the majestic Thames employed his muse. We

will not quarrel with a poem on account of the name; but there is really something in it. Walter Scott, (we love to call him by the familiar name he has ennobled beyond the honours a sovereign can confer,) has been particularly happy, not only in the titles of his works, but also in the quaint and significant names he has given to his personages, 'Marmion,' 'The Lady of the Lake,' 'the Lay of the Last Minstrel.' How harmonious! why they are in themselves almost poetical. Mr. Wordsworth, on the contrary, has scarcely even chosen a good title for any of his works; witness his 'Peter Bell,' and 'Benjamin the Waggoner.' But he will probably say, What's in a name?

It has been often remarked, that authors are seldom good judges of their own works. Milton is said to have preferred his 'Paradise Regained' to 'Paradise Lost;' and Mr. Wordsworth is a striking instance of an author not appreciating the relative merits of his productions, or he would never have disgraced his name by the puerilities of Peter Bell and Benjamin the Waggoner, when he was able to write such pieces as are contained in the work before us.

There are very few poets of the present day respecting whom so much diversity of opinion exists as Mr. Wordsworth. One party laud him to the skies as the poet of nature, while others think he carries his affectation of simplicity to a ridiculous extent. We are of opinion, that *in medio tutissimus ibis*: and having, on a former occasion remarked on the style of Mr. Wordsworth, and on the Lake School generally, we shall only observe that the present volume possesses all the beauties and very few of the defects of this writer. We think it by far his best production. The subjects are more appropriate,—the images more natural,—the landscape richer in variety, and the pathos deeper and more genuine and affecting.

The principal poem, 'the River Duddon,' consists of a series of thirty three sonnets in its praise; and exhibits the various views of scenery, &c. which the stream presents in its meandering course to the Irish sea. They are of various degrees of merit, but most of them are very pretty; some are distinguished by their natural simplicity, and others by their grandeur and sublimity. We select as specimens the two following:—

'Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past, when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do me unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light,
And smother'd joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time breaks forth triumphant memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recal
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!'

There is much tenderness in this sonnet, and the next is not inferior to it in poetic beauty or imagination:—

'But here no cannon thunders to the gale;
Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast
A crimson splendour; lowly is the mast
That rises here; and humbly spread the sail;
While less disturbed than in the narrow vale,
Through which with strange vicissitudes he pass'd,
The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast
Where all his unambitious functions fail.

And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free,
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,
And each tumultuous working left behind,
At seemly distance to advance like Thee,
Prepared in peace of heart—in calm of mind
And soul to mingle with Eternity!'

The poem of 'Vaudracour and Julia,' which by the author is said to be founded on an event that occurred in France, is a tale of illicit love, and describes the feelings and emotions of a youthful pair suffering under the unrelenting persecution of an offended parent, who at last forcibly causes their separation. Nothing can be finer than the poet's description of the power of love on a youthful heart:—

'A town of small repute,
Among the vine-clad mountains of Auvergne,
Was the Youth's birth place. There he woo'd a maid
Who heard the heart-felt music of his suit
With answering vows. Plebeian was the stock,—
Plebeian, though ingenuous the stock,
From which her graces and her honours sprung;
And hence the father of the enamoured youth
With haughty indignation spurn'd the thought
Of such alliance. From their cradles up,
With but a step between their several houses,
Twins had they been in pleasure; after strife
And petty quarrels, had grown fond again;
Each other's advocate—each other's stay;
And strangers to content, if long apart,
Or more divided than a sportive pair
Of sea fowl, conscious both that they are hovering
Within the eddy of a common blast,
Or hidden only by the concave depth
Of neighbouring billows from each other's sight.

Thus, not without concurrence of an age
Unknown to memory, was an earnest given,
By ready nature for a life of love,
For endless constancy and placid truth;
But whatsoe'er of such rare treasure lay
Reserved, had fate permitted, for support
Of their maturer years, his present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw;
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring:
Life turn'd the meanest of her implements,
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; pathways, walks,
Swarm'd with enchantment, till his spirit sank
Surcharged within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares:
A man too happy for mortality!'

This is true poetry,—it speaks to every heart,—the most prejudiced person must acknowledge its force and beauty, while the admirers of the poet will admit, that in this effort, he has surpassed the brightest of his former productions. On the birth of their first child, Vaudracour, who is in a state of exile or captivity, suggests the idea of Julia's presenting the babe to his father in order to soften him to forgiveness:—

"You shall return,
Julia," said he, "and to your Father's house

Go with the Child.—You have been wretched, yet
The silver shower whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.
Malice, beholding you, will melt away.
* * * *

With ornaments the prettiest nature yields,
Or art can fashion, shall you deck your boy,
And feed his countenance with your own sweet looks
Till no one can resist him.—Now, even now,
I see him sporting on the sunny lawn;
My father from the window sees him too;
Startled, as if some new created thing
Enriched the earth, or Fairy of the woods
Bounded before him;—but the unweeeting Child
Shall by his beauty win his Grandsire's heart,
So that it shall be softened, and our loves
End happily as they began!"

This, however, is not the case; the project fails,
and,—

'Unwedded Julia terror smitten hears
The sentence by her mother's lip pronounced
That dooms her to a Convent!'

The unhappy Julia is torn from the arms of Vaudra-
cour, who falls into a state of imbecile despondency.

There are several other poems deserving of notice, parti-
cularly 'The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots;' a poem
written in sight of Wallace's Tower at Cora Linn; the
Pilgrim's Dream; the Prioress's Tale from Chaucer,
&c. &c. but our limits preclude it. We shall therefore
only transfer the author's 'Poem to a Lady on the Longest
Day,' which we give entire:—

'Let us quit this leafy arbour,
And the torrent murmuring by;
Sol has dropped into his harbour,
Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters,
Fashioned by the glowing light;
All that breathe are thankful debtors
To the harbinger of night.

Yet, by some grave thoughts attended,
Eve renews her calm career;
For the day that now is ended,
Is the longest in the year.

Laura! sport, as now thou sportest,
On this platform, light and free;
Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,
Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling
That inspires the linnet's song;
Who would stop the swallow wheeling
On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season,
Words which tenderness can speak
From the truths of homely reason,
Might exalt the loveliest cheek.

And while shades to shades succeeding
Steal the landscape from the sight,
I would urge this moral pleading,
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

Summer ebbs:—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation,
In His providence assigned
Such a gradual declination
To the life of human kind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden,
Fresh flowers blow as flowers have blown,
And the heart is loth to deaden
Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful maiden!
And when thy decline shall come,
Let not flowers or boughs fruit laden,
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,
Fix thine eyes upon the sea
That absorbs time, space, and number,—
Look towards Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river
On whose breast are thither borne,
All deceived, and each deceiver,
Through the gates of night and morn.

Through the years' successive portals;
Through the bounds which many a star
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals
Where his light returns from far.

Thus, when thou with Time hast travell'd
Towards the mighty gulph of things,
And the mazy Stream unravell'd
With thy best imaginings;

Think, if thou on thy beauty leanest,
Think how pitiful that stay,
Did not virtue give the meanest
Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green!
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine Queen;

And ensures those palms of honour
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the Donor,
Lord of Heaven's unchanging year!

Who that reads this volume of Mr. Wordsworth's po-
ems, or the extracts we have made from it, will not invo-
luntarily exclaim, *O si sic omnia!*

~~~~~  
*Essays and Sketches of Life and Character.* By a Gen-  
tleman who has left his Lodgings. 12mo. pp. 248.  
London 1820.

THIS clever little volume takes an extensive range of sub-  
jects, all of which it treats with humour and good taste.  
The author is evidently a man of talents, and possesses a  
knowledge of the world. His feelings are truly national,  
and his politics those of a liberal Whig. Among the  
essays and sketches, the following are the most important:  
English and French Pride and Vanity,—Men of Letters,  
—Foreign Travel,—Vanity and Love of Fame,—National  
Character,—Field Sports,—An Agreeable Man,—Plays,  
—Political Economy,—English Constitution,—Orders  
of Knighthood,—The Wandering Jew.

These are introduced by a preface in the Cleishbotham



stile, in which a 'Joseph Skillett, of Sackville Street,' tells us, that these Essays, &c. were found in an apartment on the first floor, which a young gentleman had occupied and just left without paying his rent, and that he took possession of them, and sold them to Messrs. Longman, to indemnify himself.

Without saying any thing on the imputation he thus casts upon himself, and which is quite at variance with the sound principles which characterise the work, we shall extract one or two of his sketches, which will speak for themselves. And first, the one entitled, 'Foreign Travel,' purporting to be written in Paris, in 1815:—

'The English and the French, after an absence of twenty years, have again met in the common intercourse of life, and are exchanging bows, ideas, and sentiments.

'I overheard one day, a young Englishman entertaining a French lady with profligate principles and profane jests: although she had often heard mortality and religion attacked before, she was so scandalized by the coarseness of his conversation, that she, at last, told him his language might suit the vicious society of London, but was too wicked for Paris: his companion was, at the same time, telling an obscene story to a young lady, who fell asleep in the middle of it;—these young men are not improved by travel.

'An English married lady, whom I knew, was remarkable for the plainness of her dress, the modesty of her manners, and the piety of her conduct. She went from Paris this year, with her head made into a stand for flowers, her ears never open but to flattery, and her mouth full of the pretty phrases, "a little flirtation," "innocent behaviour," "harmless dissipation," "stupidity of married women in England," "greater liberality in general society," &c.—she is not improved by travel.

'I know a sensible English tradesman, who used to shut a Frenchman out of doors, and laughed at every body who did not speak English as correctly, and even as vulgarly as himself; he was so pleased with the kind reception he got in France, and the patient attention with which all his blunders were listened to, that he promises he will go and do likewise;—he is improved by his travels.

'A farmer of good sense, and good heart, travelled through France soon after the peace: he found that the people were neither sulky in their manner, nor full of hatred against the English, nor utterly abandoned to vice and folly, as he had been told; but on the contrary, civil, gay, and ingenuous; nay, he found tolerable farmers, and honest fathers of families; fewer paupers than in England, and much good effected by the revolution; he imputed the old quarrels of his nation with their's to the government, and recommends to the people to give each other the right hand of friendship;—this man is improved, and he will improve others.

'Travellers from the continent seldom stay long enough in England to understand the nature of her institutions, and sound the deep seas of her prosperity. The French think they have shown great discernment, as well as liberality, in establishing "Trial by Jury." They do not seem to perceive that the goodness of the stuff depends on the material of which it is made, and that a jury must not only consist of twelve men, but of twelve honest men; otherwise it is only a shirt very well made with rotten thread. As long as the members of juries in France are liable to be gained or awed by government, the institution is good for nothing, and indeed rather pernicious.

'The Spaniards, in the same humour, borrowed from England the liberty of the press; but they forgot to provide for the liberty of the individual who was to print; and the consequence was, that any author who published against the reigning authority, was immediately seized and imprisoned. England, like a work of genius, deserves and requires a slow and frequent perusal to understand its beauties.

'Many an anomalous custom contains an important lesson,

and many a paradoxical law is deduced from a profound and salutary observation.'

In a view of the state of society in London, the author justly observes on the difficulty of obtaining the full advantages of the superior qualities of individuals who may form part of it:—

'This difficulty is the misfortune of London, where there are more men of cultivated understanding, of refined wit, and literary or political eminence, than in any other metropolis of Europe. Yet it is so contrived, that there is little freedom, little intimacy, and little ease in London society. "To love some persons very much, and see often those that I love," says the old Duchess of Marlborough, "is the greatest happiness I can enjoy." But, in London, it is equally difficult to get to love any body very much, or to see often those that we have loved before. There are such numbers of acquaintances, such a succession of engagements, that the town resembles Vauxhall, where the dearest friends may walk round and round all night without ever meeting. If you see at dinner a person whose manners and conversation please you, you may wish in vain to become more intimate; for the chance is, that you will not meet so as to converse a second time for three months, when the dice-box of society may, perhaps, turn up again the same numbers. Not that it is to be inferred that you may not barely see the same features again; it is possible that you may see them on the other side of St. James's Street, or see them near to you at a crowded rout, without a possibility of approaching. Hence it is, that those who live in London are totally indifferent to one another; the waves follow so thick, that any vacancy is immediately filled up, and the want is not perceived. At the same time, the well-bred civility of modern times, and the example of some "very popular people," have introduced a shaking of hands, a pretended warmth, a sham cordiality, into the manners of the cold and the warm alike—the dear friend, and the acquaintance of yesterday. Hence, we hear continually, such conversations as the following:—"Ah! how d'ye do? I am delighted to see you! How is Mrs. M——?"—"She is very well, thank you."—"Has she any more children?"—"Any more! I have only been married three months. I see you are talking of my former wife—she has been dead these three years." Or, "My dear friend, how d'ye do,—you have been out of town some time—where have you been—in Norfolk?"—"No; I have been two years in India."

'Thus, ignorant of one another's interest and occupations, the friendships of London contain nothing more tender than a visiting-card. Nor is it much better,—indeed it is much worse,—if you renounce the world, and determine to live only with your relations and nearest connexions; if you go to see them at one o'clock, they are not up; at two, the room is full of indifferent acquaintance, who can talk over the night before, and of course 'are sooner listened to than yourself; at three, they are gone shopping; at four, they are in the park; at five and at six, they are out; at seven, they are dressing; at eight, they are dining with two dozen friends; at nine and ten, the same; at eleven, they are dressing for the ball; and at twelve, when you are going to bed, they are gone into society for the evening. Thus you are left in solitude: you soon begin again to try the world;—let us see what it produces.

'The first inconvenience of a London life, is the late hour of dinner. To pass the day *impransus*, and then to sit down to a great dinner at eight o'clock, is entirely against the first dictates of common sense and common stomachs. Some learned persons, indeed, endeavour to support this practice by precedent, and quote the Roman supper; but those suppers were at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ought to be a subject of contempt, instead of imitation, in Grosvenor Square. Women, however, are not so irrational as men, in London, and generally sit down to a substantial luncheon, at three or four: if men would do the same, the meal at eight might be lightened of many of its weighty dishes, and conversation



would be no loser; for it is not to be concealed, that conversation suffers great interruption from the manner in which English dinners are managed; first, the host and hostess, (or her unfortunate co-adjutor,) are employed during three parts of dinner, in doing the work of the servants,—helping fish, or carving large pieces of venison to twenty hungry souls, to the total loss of the host's powers of amusement, and the entire disfigurement of the fair hostess's face. Much time is also lost by the attention every one is obliged to pay, in order to find out, (which he can never do if he is short-sighted,) what dishes are at the other end of the table; and if a guest wishes for a glass of wine, he must peep through the Apollos and the Cupids of the *plateau*, in order to find some one to drink with him; otherwise he must wait till some one asks him, which will probably happen in succession, so that, after having had no wine for half an hour, he will have to drink five glasses in five minutes. Convenience teaches that the best manner of enjoying society at dinner, is to leave every thing to servants that servants can do; so that you may have no farther trouble than to accept of the dishes that are offered to you, and to drink at your own time, of the wines which are handed round. An English dinner, on the contrary, seems to presume before-hand on the silence, dulness, and stupidity of the guests, and to have provided little interruptions, like the jerks which the chaplain gives to the archbishop, to prevent his going to sleep during sermon.

'Some time after dinner, comes the time of going to a ball, or a rout; but this is sooner said than done: it often requires as much time to go from St. James's Square to Cleveland Row, as to go from London to Hounslow. It would require volumes to describe the disappointment which occurs on arriving in the brilliant mob of a ball-room. Sometimes, as it has been before said, a friend is squeezed like yourself, at another end of the room, without a possibility of your communicating, except by signs; and as the whole arrangement of society is regulated by mechanical pressure, you may happen to be pushed against those to whom you do not wish to speak, whether bores, slight acquaintances, or determined enemies. Confined by the crowd, and stifled by the heat, and dazzled by the light, all powers of intellect are lost; wit loses its point, and sagacity its observation; indeed, the limbs are so crushed, and the tongue so parched, that, except particularly well-drest ladies, all are in the case of the traveller, Dr. Clarke, when he says, in the plains of Syria, that some might blame him for not making moral reflections on the state of the country; but that he must own the heat quite deprived him of all power of thought.'

The author is as deeply versed in political science, as he is in the manners of the age, and his *Essays on Political Economy and the English Constitution*, are entitled to much praise. The volume is of so varied and agreeable a nature, as to recommend itself to all classes of readers.

*Good Humour; or, My Uncle, the General.* By a Third Cousin, 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 677. London, 1820.

NOTWITHSTANDING there is no species of literary composition more cultivated than that of novel writing, none which has received greater patronage and encouragement, yet how very few of the numerous adventurers in tales of fiction, are at all successful. The press teems, and the shelves of circulating libraries groan with the load of works under the names of novels, tales, and romances; yet a good novel is almost as rare as a good epic poem; and the greater mass of them are, after being once read within a few days of their publication, consigned to the exclusive gratification of idle apprentices and love-sick waiting maids.

'Good Humour' is by no means exempt from the general character of modern novels; neither its style nor the

incidents it relates are of sufficient merit to ensure it a long life or much popularity. A young and generous British officer,—a lovely and affectionate female,—a vain old general,—a hypocritical old dowager,—and a treacherous friend, are all characters which have long figured in novels, and they are not introduced into the present work with any new features to recommend them. Such, however, are the materials of 'Good Humour;' but if there is nothing in the work to indicate much genius or invention, it will, at least, furnish a few hours harmless amusement to the novel reader, who, in the indiscriminate indulgence of his appetite, too frequently digests more faulty and less innocent productions.

## Original Communications.

LINES BY MR. COLERIDGE, ON THE QUEEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The following lines, from the pen of Mr. Coleridge, appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, for September, 1796, with his name attached to them. It will be seen they relate to the illustrious lady who now occupies so large a share of the public sympathy and interest; and, as they are nearly as applicable now as then, I send you a copy of them, without, however, consulting Mr. Coleridge, who, perhaps, will not thank me for my officiousness.

Your's, &c. B. T.

ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE.

'I sigh, fair injur'd stranger, for thy fate:

But what shall sighs avail thee? thy poor heart,

'Mid all the "pomp and circumstance" of state,

Shivers in nakedness; unbidden, start

Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream,

That shap'd a seraph form, and nam'd it love,

Its hues gay varying, as the orient beam

Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy,

Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome;

Those plaudits that thy *public* path annoy;

Alas! they tell thee—thou'rt a wretch *at home!*

O then retire, and weep! *Their very woes*

*Solace the guiltless.* Drop the pearly flood

On thy sweet infant, as the FULL BLOWN ROSE,

Surcharg'd with dew, bends o'er its neighb'ring bud.

And ah! that truth some holy spell might lend,

To lure thy wand'rer from the syren's power;

Then bid your souls inseparably blend,

Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## DESCRIPTION OF CANADA.

[With that anxiety to combine the *utile et dulce*, which, we trust, will ever characterise the *Literary Chronicle* we have, in several of our early numbers, treated largely on the subject of emigration, and presented the best accounts, and the relative advantages of all the countries that have been pointed out as reservoirs into which to pour a redundant population. Of all these places, the British Colonies are certainly the most desirable, in many respects; both to the emigrant, and to the state itself: and these we constantly recommended, in preference to transferring our ingenious countrymen, and our arts and manufactures, to a foreign soil. Much encouragement has been lately given by government,



to settlers in Canada; thousands of whom have availed themselves of it by settling in the upper provinces. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure, that we are enabled to give a minute description of a colony, which is rapidly acquiring an increasing interest. The account with which we present our readers, was written to a private friend, by a gentleman, whose residence on the spot, and ample means of information, enable him to give a more minute and correct description of the country than has hitherto appeared. Its not having been written with the view of publication, gives it an additional value, and will be a sufficient apology for any imperfections of style which an invidious critic might point out.\*—Ed.]

Quebec, April 10, 1820.

Dear \* \* \* \*

I need not say any thing of the Atlantic; it is all wind and water striving together. The gulph of St. Lawrence is a dangerous spot; the river is immense, the shores on both sides are lined with mountains reaching *literally* above the clouds, and so thickly covered with wood from the base to the summit, that there is no trace of human beings or of their industry, perhaps, until within (for I am not *fractionally* sure) 60 or 100 miles below Quebec, where the land is partially lined from the shore up towards the chains of mountains; and the nearer you approach to Quebec, the more pleasing is the view seen at a distance; the wooden houses daubed with lime are very pretty, but I doubt not that, on a closer examination, they would be miserable compared with European chateaux, &c. The citadel of Quebec (Cape Diamond) is thought to be 1000 feet above the water; yet this spot does not command a very extensive view, the country round Quebec being equally high, or higher in many places. The lower town of Quebec is built like a crescent, facing outwards, on the shore of the river, and round the base of a rocky cape, upon which the upper town (the fortified town) is built; the ascent is very steep indeed, practicable only in some few places, the rest of the lower town being overhung by the rock; which is, nearest the precipice, of 300 feet perpendicular height, composed of black slate in huge masses placed in an oblique strata, from which the water descends in little cascades almost all over.

The lower town is the commercial part of Quebec; it is our Thames-street, and during the summer months, May to November, makes a good figure for bustle and business. The upper town is strongly fortified; it is the seat of government, the metropolis of the Canadas, a bishoprick for the Protestants, an arch-bishopric for the Catholics; the courts of law are held here—the houses of assembly and legislative council sit here—the executive council give their sage opinions—orders emanate from the Castle of St. Lewis; in other words, the governor's house, and many more weighty affairs are conducted in this mighty spot: your expectations are raised high, no doubt, yet this great city, containing 12,000 souls, is perhaps not equal to one of the smallest corporations in England, for neatness or solid comfort. Instead of stone pavements, we have logs of wood, no pavements to the carriage road, except in one street of the upper town, and in that your toes are cut against the prominent corners of the rock, and you cannot venture to stir out at night with-

out a large lantern and a staff. By an act of Provincial Parliament, the houses *inside* the fortification are built of stone or brick; but outside the gates, which perhaps contains the most dense and poorest population, the suburbs are built almost entirely of wood, covered also with shingles; these houses are warm and durable, and weather-proof for many years, but in the event of fire, the calamity is dreadful.

The inhabitants of Quebec and the suburbs are so intermixed with English and other settlers, that no particular character can be assigned to them; they are an industrious, brave, cheerful set of people, apt to take advantage in making a bargain, but seldom guilty of theft or other capital crimes: very superstitious and very litigious, much addicted to drunkenness, but not guilty of any indecency or violence when in that state. The 'Habitans,' or peasantry, seem to have been all cast in one mould, and their clothes, horses, carriages, and harness, are equally uniform; of all the people in the world, they are the most attached to the habits and customs of their remotest ancestors; they are a hardy, honest, good people, know the parish church, the curé, the boundaries of their parish, the road to market and back, and no more, nor will they adopt any improvement in agriculture, or any other thing.

The language is a base French, badly pronounced, and greatly anglicised; the religion Catholic, administered perhaps more faithfully than in other countries. The persons of the Canadian men are robust, not fat; they are swarthy and active; the women are fair; but they suffer much from sitting in rooms heated to perhaps 70°, by means of large stoves, the windows being pasted up with paper shreds, &c. to keep out the air in winter, and seldom indeed opened in the burning hot summers. The cattle of all kinds are small and hardy. The soil is suddenly cleared from snow in May; all the world is in activity to reap the benefit of the summer: what is sown the 15th of May, is reaped from the 15th to the 31st of August; (only three months in the ground). Melons come to perfection in the fields; some of our European fruit yields tolerably well, but without prejudice, scarcely any fruits or vegetables so well as in England; and they come so hastily to perfection, and succeed so rapidly, that you have only a few days' time to taste of each sort, and to preserve some for the winter. In July, August, and September, the thermometer stands night and day at about 90° 97°; there is no intermission, (except now and then a torrent of rain for half an hour, which in another half hour leaves no vestige,) or a gale of wind from the eastward sometimes to make us breathe. With such a heat, no wonder, if all the reptiles increase to an amazing extent; bugs, fleas, flies, spiders, beyond the power of man to annihilate; rats in the most remote houses, are prodigiously large. In October, people are busy planting cauliflowers and celery in their caves, (where they grow in perfection) and storing potatoes, &c. This is the material part of housekeeping; because, in winter, scarcely a vegetable can peep forth in open air without being frozen. The air is pleasant during this month, and in dry weather, but the heavy rains and occasional snow begin and continue nearly till the first of December. Now comes down the snow, to the height of six feet or upwards generally; but where it drifts, it almost buries the cottages and small houses. The frost sets in and the thermometer rises from zero to 30° below; this extreme cold seldom continues longer than two days at a

\* We subjoin a list of the articles that have already appeared, on emigration, in the 'Literary Chronicle':—On the advantages of emigrating to Poland, No. 6; the Red River Settlement, Nos. 9 and 10; the Cape of Good Hope, Nos. 10 and 12; France—No. 16; the United States, No. 29; Canada, No. 27 and 31; New South Wales, No. 9, 27, and 31.



time, when it moderates a little; but during this month, and the two following, nothing will do but furs and flannels. People have their noses, cheek bones, and ears frost-bitten, very frequently, if not well covered or sheltered, and occasionally rubbed to ascertain that the blood circulates; if the sense of feeling is deadened or lost, the patient may be sure he is bitten; the part affected looks like white wax, is insensible, and would mortify if not immediately rubbed with snow until it becomes red: the skin soon after peels off, and as it heals it appears the same as a burn. I was once caught myself, but it is considered a trifling affair. In December, the markets are abundantly supplied with meat, poultry, eggs, &c. frozen; also milk in lumps, which keep in garrets or hangairs all the winter without tainting; but whatever may be said to the contrary, I do not find frozen meat, with all the care in the world to thaw it before cooking, generally to equal fresh killed meat; the juices run away from it, and it becomes hard and spongy; that is, in comparison.

There are very few thaws happen during the winter, and those for only a day, or even less at a time; the wheel carriages are all laid up on the beginning of the snow, and every vehicle, whether of pleasure or for burthen, is a sleigh or sledge, in which the Canadians fall short of our Belgic friends, both for principle and execution. As I said before, there are not two patterns for the same article in the whole country, and, in spite of reason and advantage, they prefer having the roads unequal as the Atlantic ocean, rather than adopt the United States 'model of a sleigh' where 'cahos' or holes are unknown.

I forgot to tell you that the river is closed from the first of December to the first of May, and during this season we are almost shut out from Europe; our earliest news comes from New York, but the government mails are first sent to Bermudas, and back to Halifax. From Halifax to Quebec is about 700 miles; a great part of the way, the bags are brought on foot; in short, the journey takes from twenty to thirty days, according to the state of the roads; and sometimes the couriers fall into an eternal sleep, and our letters are lost. One of my friends marched across from Halifax to Quebec, seven years ago: he came at about fifteen or twenty miles a-day on an average; you may imagine that to cross a wild country, where there are no roads, and where the snow is six feet deep, requires a little ingenuity. *Snow shoes* are made of a wooden hoop, extended by means of a bar of wood, and the whole space filled up by means of catgut, or entrails of other animals, woven like our cane-bottomed chairs, and about the same fineness of texture, the wooden frame being perforated to pass the strands of catgut through. In short, imagine a *rocket*, and you have nearly the same thing as the snow shoe. These are about three feet and a half long, at the broadest part; and a foot and a half wide; they are fastened across the toe, (which rests upon the bar of wood) and round the heel, by means of a thong of leather, in such a manner as to trail after the foot; and by means of them, one may cross over plains of light snow without making an impression deeper than from half an inch to two inches, and where it would be impossible to travel at all with the common chaussure. The 104th regiment came here from Halifax upon snow shoes; the soldiers in Canada are practised in their use, and they are generally used by the Canadians in walking excursions. The Canadians use a great many dogs to draw burthens, and have them in excellent command; it is not unusual to

see a man who has no other and more profitable load for his sleigh, get into it and gallop his dog at full speed; the dogs are very hardy; they sleep outside the houses in the severe weather, when no other domestic animal can endure it. Horses, also, are very hardy; they often stand in the market until the *ice-candles* reach from their noses to the ground as thick as your arm; perhaps no other domestic animals can be selected that can bear the Canadian winter without shelter. The hares, of which there are flocks brought to market, turn white in winter; this animal, as an article of food, is hardly worth cooking here.

Wine easily freezes; spirits exposed (*in a bottle corked up*) thicken in some degree, but I have not seen them turn to ice. White wine improves by freezing, and red wine is irretrievably spoiled by it. There is no living without fire or heat in every apartment of the house, for which purpose it is customary to pass the tubes of the stoves through one or more contiguous apartments, to the rooms in which we confine ourselves for every purpose during winter; we have two of those *fire engines*, which I suppose will consume, for the cold season, 13 cords of wood, equal to 39 steirs, French measure, which is a smaller consumption, than most people, please to remember: I occupy a part only of a house. I believe I have nearly exhausted my winter, and after all I have said, you must be pleased to let me add, that human contrivance has rendered it a very pleasant season of the year. By means of suitable clothing, and artificial heat: it is a very supportable season.

I am, &c.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### CHURCH MELODY.—HYMN BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

'Let your vain glory be destroyed,  
Humble your arrogance of thought,—  
Pursue the ways by nature taught.'—Gay.

SIR,—The origin of using poetry in religious services, has been traced to the earliest periods, and the eastern people have most excelled in this species of composition; some beautiful specimens of which are to be found in the book of Job. However, within these two last centuries, many writers of this country have brought forward their compositions for the use of divine worship and closet meditations, with various pretensions, and certainly, as it will hereafter appear, widely different talents. I shall give a few examples of some of those self-sufficient versifiers, and leave the conclusions to be drawn according to the tastes of the lovers of sacred harmony and sublime doggerel.

In the fifth chapter of Exodus, v. 14-15, a scarce and old translation runs thus,—

'The people shall heare and be stirred\*, sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina.

'Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed†; the mighty men of Moab, trembling, shall take hold upon them: all the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away!'

Now for the versification, which every true lover of poetry cannot fail to admire:—

'The people they shall hear and quake:  
Sorrow shall hold upon them take

\* The Greeks translate it, *angry*.

† Idem. suddenly troubled.



That in Palestina remain.  
The dukes of Edom shall be then  
Amaz'd; Moab's mighty men  
Take hold on them shall trembling pain.'

After this quotation, I believe it will be almost needless to remind the reader of the renowned Sternhold and Hopkins, whose poetical works may be obtained in gilt and red morocco bindings of our staid and barnacled grandmamas; and also the later and somewhat more refined Tate and Brady, the first of whom was a native of Dublin, poet laureate, and the author of nine *dramatic* pieces. What will Maturin say to this? Has he been solicited for a New Version? In him are combined the two-fold qualifications of Tate and Brady; for Brady was an Hibernian, a doctor in divinity, and known as the translator of the *Eneid* of Virgil.

But to proceed;—I am now reminded of a parish clerk, of a church in Marlborough, who, on hearing that the bishop was expected to preach, (no common duty now-a-days,) and being sincerely desirous to exceed the worthy gentleman, whom I have noticed, in poetry, *composed* the succeeding verse, and, after his nose and eyes were harnessed, gave it out most emphatically, and, doubtless, with much pathos:—

'Why do ye mourn, ye little hills?  
Ye little hills, why does ye hop?  
It is because his grace is come;  
His grace the lord bish—hop.'

Why should we then be surprised that Milton commenced a version and never finished it? seeing he could never hope to trace the steps of the worthy poet of Marlborough. Addison, without dispute, did something for sacred poetry. Dryden and Pope, a little. Watts, Cowper, Newton, and Charles Wesley, much; though, in the phrase of modern dramatic critics, there are numerous passages in those poets which require the free use of the 'pruning-knife,' to render them unexceptionable; and, if such writers cannot discern the impropriety of inserting cant terms and embodying their peculiar dogmas, it is the place of others to expose them, or, at least, to advise their rejection. But, like the Bible, nothing must be altered, however offensive, and nothing disbelieved, however peculiar. Hence, some of our meeting-house hearers feel so keen a relish for phraseology, dressed to their prejudices and suited to their unconscionable appetites. The established church, in this respect, is sincere, so far as it relates to consistency\*, but dissenters, thousands of whom are enlightened, cannot feed on the husks of church poetry, and must, therefore, have a collection of their own. Every chapel now, forsooth, has its collection of hymns, and its pastor, who, of course, tells his congregation what a sweet poet he is, by filling the book with two-thirds of his pieces, which are said to be *original*.

After thus much, I would willingly part with my reader, but must detain him a short time, to notice a collection of *poetry*, which has lately appeared in the religious world; it is by the *Rev.* Edward Wildey, who stiles himself, in the title page, 'preacher of the Gospel,' and very modestly says in his address, 'I have been, for some years, composing a considerable number of hymns on various occasions, and the work is still going on.' The following extracts from this delectable volume, will exhibit Mr. Wildey's claims as a poet:—

\* And the New Version contains numerous excellent verses.

'That God should ere convince of sin,  
And show me I was base and vile;  
Then draw to Christ, whose cleansing stream  
Can wash a soul tho' thus defiled.

O think of Jesus' kind regard,  
Toward a sinful wretch like me;  
In moving bondage, fear, and pain,  
This grace, thro' grace, is given me.'

*'The Trinity.'*

'Glory to God, the father's name,  
Glory to God the son likewise,  
Glory to God the Holy Ghost,  
Which doth reveal the promises.'

*'The Fight of God Faith.'*

Christian soldier call'd to battle  
With the flesh and devils too,  
Ye do wrestle, fight, and struggle,  
Loose the field and conquer too.'

*'Holy Calling.'*

An holy calling we receives,  
Both grace and glory too;  
Sinners as black as h—l repriev'd,  
Are sav'd and born anew.'

*'Willingness.'*

I will go most certainly,  
Christ can save,—at least I'll try.

*'Tenderness.'*

The furious bears by God were sent,  
The children's flesh and bones *was* rent.'

*'Calvary.'*

Dear dying friend, a scene of woe,  
What horror did our Saviour know;  
Three hours he groan'd upon the cross,  
For to bring back what Adam *lost*,  
Yet for his blood speaks death to sins,  
I *knows* it doth the conscience *cleanse*.'

Not any of the names of the rivers in America, or villages in Russia, can produce finer rhymes for poetry than the following:—

'While King Nebuchadnezzar appeared in a rage,  
Which did Nebuchadnezzar's vain worship controul.'

And in the author's own language we may say,—

'What solid steps I'm brought to tread,  
But this is not my choice.'

Again;—

'How wise and yet what fools.'

'And we should be sunk to h—ll, but our Jesus stood by.'

But in the next we begin to trace true *principle*, which I should recommend to be sung all over the country, from the prison to the palace,—

'I wish, dear Lord, my *debts* to pay,  
Help me and bless and grant I may.'

For—

'Of his mercy he call'd *us* all *dead* to a *man*,  
Tho' Satan enthrall'd us, and sinners trepann'd.'

Again,—

'For to be cross'd and yet be crown'd,  
Dear Lord! how strange it *seem*.'

Had Thomson seen the following lines, beautiful as his paraphrase is acknowledged to be, how he might have envied the reverend author, who says,—



' Behold the lillies how they grow,  
They toil not, neither spin, *you know.*'

The 'Letter to the Church of Christ,' and a little prose, shall conclude this exquisite morceau :

' Important hour,—five years ago,  
I saw a certain light,  
By which Jehovah gave to me  
A vision in the night.  
I saw a chapel newly raised,  
Which I was standing by,  
And was brought that night to stand  
Within the vestry.  
I quickly saw some carved work  
Around the sacred place;  
There people told [me] I must eat,  
Which I did pluck and taste.  
I soon was then without the door;  
How this was done, 'tis true  
I cannot tell, but there appear'd  
A chain unto my view  
Let down from heaven, and seem'd to work  
Mysterious as to size.  
An hook was in its end, which made  
Its way into the skies.  
To see how regular it moved  
Each tile from off this place,  
The majesty this chain did wear,  
I cannot fully trace.'

Now for the author's prose, which is not behind his poetry in point of merit:—

' I at times thought of and mentioned this dream, and was struck at the remembrance of it when the Old Providence Chapel was burnt, &c. when these words were brought to me, "*Huntingdon is going home, and thou shalt stand in his place as I live and am above:*" and while I was meditating, these words came, "*where the word of a king is, there is power,*" and who may say, "*what doest thou \*?*"

Now, Mr. Editor, the Bath Guide, which has the celebrated poem of—

' Hearken, Lady Betty, hearken  
To the dismal news I tell,'

has decidedly been parodied in the above vision; but, as I have drawn my remarks to so great a length, I defer the conclusion of the prose, to be embodied with that of some others, 'On the Eloquence of Divine Preaching,' which shall be forwarded to you shortly, should you deem the further exposure of Mr. Wildey's, (almost blasphemous,) ignorance necessary. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

June, 1820.

CANTAB.

#### SALE OF MR. WEST'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

On Friday and Saturday last, the paintings by the old masters, which belonged to the late President of the Royal Academy, were sold by auction. The value of the pictures was in some degree enhanced by the authority under which they had been collected. The whole collection produced 10,027l. The following are some of the principal pictures, with the prices at which they were sold:—

\* Since Mr. Wildey could not obtain his wishes to become the favourite of Providence, he has returned again to the occupation he ought never to have quitted, and where, like Obadiah Popjoy, he planes out the deal boards for earthly tabernacles. *Suam cuique sponsam mihi meam.*

*Titian.*—The Death of Actæon. A grand landscape with figures, mounted and on foot, assembled on the bank of a river, at the conclusion of a stag hunt. The animal, after taking to the water, is represented in the attempt to gain the bank, where it is fastened upon by the dogs, and is about to be despatched by the javelins of the hunters. An heroic figure is reclining in the shade on the left, and Diana, with a nymph, is represented on the right, somewhat removed from the front ground of the picture. This prodigy of art was painted by Titian, for the King of Spain, by whom it was presented to Charles the First of England, on canvass—4ft. 1in. by 5ft. 11in.—1,700 gs.—*Guido.*—A Head of Christ; 700 gs.—*Rembrandt.*—Abraham entertaining the Angels, only 6½ by 8½ inches; 290 gs.—*Titian.*—The Bath of Diana, a study for the large picture of the same subject, in the Stafford Gallery; 610 gs.—*Rembrandt.*—A Forest Scene, with figures advancing through a wood; 200 gs.—*Titian.*—The Last Supper. The first sketch by Titian for the famous chef d'œuvre on the Escurial; 435gs.—*Parmagian.*—The Virgin Child, and Saint John, and Mary Magdalene, with a landscape back-ground; 360gs.—*Wouvermans.*—The Watering Place. A scene on the banks of a river, animated by a variety of figures, the principal of which are grooms watering their horses, which interrupt a group of bathers. A cabaret is on the rising ground to the right; on the left a ferry-boat is approaching the shore, and various objects are seen along the bank of the river, known by the name of the Red Cap; 550 gs.—*A. Berchem.* Peasants with cattle at the opening of a cave or stable, where a countryman, mounted, is conversing with another, whilst a third unyokes a pair of draught horses; 450 gs.—*Hobbins.*—View on a River, with a figure angling and a fisherman drawing a net; 290 gs.—*Gasper Poussin.*—View of a village at the foot of the Appenines, with a stream, and figures fishing at a cascade; 210 gs.—*Ruysdael.*—A Woody Landscape. A romantic scene in Norway, with a water-fall and figures; 205 gs.—*Rubens.*—A composition of four figures, representing Minerva with her Ægis, repelling War and Discord, from the throne of James the First, whose whole length portrait forms a part of the group. This sketch is part of one of the pictures in the ceiling of the chapel in Whitehall; 155 gs.—*Rubens.*—A small sketch of the Fall of the Dragon; 125 gs.—*Teniers.*—A small picture of Christ betrayed; 126 gs.—*An. Carracci.*—Dead Christ supported on the lap of the Virgin near the sepulchre, and two infant angels; 140 gs.—*A. Penaker.*—A Landscape with rocks and trees on the right, and peasants with a goat at a pool of water; 285 gs.—*N. Poussin.*—A grand Landscape by Moonlight, with a group of figures. The story of Pyramus and Thisbe; 185 gs.—*Corregio.*—The Virgin presenting the breast to the Infant on her lap; the young Saint John by the side of her; 190 gs.—*Claude.*—A Landscape, with a shepherd piping in the front ground, and cattle near the bank of a river, on which is an overshot mill; 150 gs.—*Metzu.*—A Musical conversation; 150 gs.—*Dominichino.*—A small Landscape with figures, representing the Judgment of Paris; 101 gs.—*Ditto.*—The Companion; with Diana and her Nymphs witnessing the slaying of Marsyas; 100 gs.

#### MR. BUCKE, AUTHOR OF 'THE ITALIANS.'

[It was some time ago rumoured in the literary circles, that Mr. Bucke was writing a new tragedy for Covent Garden theatre. This he certainly had in contemplation, but he has now abandoned the idea, as will appear by the following note sent to Mr. Harris, the worthy and respectable manager of Covent Garden Theatre, and which we have received by a private hand. The tone of this note harmonizes so well with the subject, that we fear good dramatic writing will be, in future, even more scarce, if possible, than it is now. In fact, as the stage is, and long has been managed, for any great writer to think of writing for it, is, we fear, entirely out of the question.—ED.]



Mr. Bucke presents his compliments to Mr. Harris, and begs to apologize for not having completed his tragedy of 'Julian,' at the time mentioned, when he had last the honour of seeing Mr. Harris upon that subject. But the fact is, Mr. Bucke has never sat down to finish the outline he had sketched; but he has remembered the manner in which he was last year so grossly insulted; and as, upon inquiry, he learns that the parties, so active and so violent on a former occasion, have thrown out hints of equal activity and violence, should any future one occur, he has resolved upon suppressing all desire of arriving at dramatic distinction, by returning to the more solid and tranquil pursuits of natural and moral philosophy.'

Bath, February 1st, 1820.'

'To Henry Harris, Esq.  
Covent Garden Theatre.'

### Biography.

SIR JOSEPH BANKS, BART. G. C. B.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, &c. &c. &c.

AMONG the distinguished individuals, who, within a short period, have paid the common debt of nature, (and they have been numerous and highly celebrated for their great and good qualities) there is not perhaps one, whose death will leave such a blank in society, as that of Sir Joseph Banks. The virtues of private life, were in him made a public benefit. As president of the Royal Society, he did not confine either his purse or his personal exertions to the mere duties of the office; but his whole time was devoted to promoting the great object of that society; and his house was the welcome rendezvous of the learned in every country. As the name of Sir Joseph is so intimately connected with the Royal Society, it may not be amiss to preface our memoir by some account of its origin.

Whatever may be said respecting the frivolous pursuits in which this society may at some periods have indulged, it must be acknowledged that science has been much promoted by it; and its origin is almost coeval with that of true natural philosophy itself.

The meetings of the poets in the Arcadia at Rome, of the artists at Florence, and the French academy at Paris, were almost the only modern associations for the improvement of science, or the refined arts, previous to the institution of the Royal Society of London. The necessity for such an institution had been long and sensibly felt among the learned in England. Bacon pointed out the want of it, and Cowley marked, with tolerable distinctness, a plan for such a society. That scheme for the instruction of youth, in physical knowledge, which Milton proposes in his treatise inscribed to Hartlib, had evidently its rise in his mind, from principles similar to those on which the society was afterwards founded. Under the usurpation of Cromwell, science made little progress; and it was reserved for the era of the restoration of Charles the Second, to be also that of the establishment of a Royal Society in England, for the improvement of physical and mathematical knowledge, both in its general principles, and in the immediate application of it to the useful purposes of life; as well as enlarge as much as possible, the range of human intelligence.

The institution had its rise from the joint endeavours of some men of learning, and a few men of rank. Charles the

Second was not merely its nominal patron and founder, but one of its most zealous and active members. He performed many experiments himself, and suggested and directed others: he did not trifle in philosophy, like an idle or weak-minded virtuoso, but earnestly directed his experiments to the best uses in the naval and military arts, and to other purposes of life. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was also one of the members of the society, at the time of its institution; and part of that money which satire has represented him to have wasted on vain projects of alchemy, was, in truth, expended upon rational and beneficial experiments, for the advancement of true philosophy.

The views of the founders of the Royal Society were indeed grand, and their exertions various and extensive beyond those of any other association of philosophers that the world has seen. They considered what were the desiderata in the different branches of arts and sciences; they instituted experiments, and set on foot inquiries that those might be supplied. All the phenomena of nature engaged their eager observation, and neither pains nor expense were spared to obtain correct and early information of the progress science was making, in every quarter of the globe, as well as to promote it both by their own experiments; and by their patronage and support to others. In chemistry, Hooke, one of their members, discovered that theory of combustion, and of the specific differences of airs, which, a century afterwards, was revised, by Lavoisier and his disciples. Several other branches of physics were about the same time, as it were, created by their exertions; and the best improvements of agriculture, of gardening, and of all the arts of manufacture in England, are to be dated from the time when the Royal Society began to establish the necessary intercourse between science and art. The mathematical and physical researches of those great men paved the way of Newton, to the discoveries of gravitation and fluxions, and of the analysis of light.

In the subsequent exertions of these philosophers, there may have been an occasional diminution of that first enthusiasm. But how many of the most interesting phenomena of nature have been registered in their journals! What great improvements has any branch of art or science experienced, which have not either originated, or, at least, derived their chief authority from the efforts of this society! They prosecuted the researches of Newton, till they confirmed his system by facts, in those parts of it which he had been obliged to leave unsupported, but by analogy. A great number of the most important facts in natural history have been by them first observed and made known. The physiology of both animal and vegetable life, has been remarkably illustrated by the success of their inquiries. The best mathematical papers which the two last centuries have produced, first appeared in their transactions. The latter researches concerning the nature and the differences of airs had their beginning among the members of this society. The greater part of the experiments and discoveries concerning electricity were made by them. In short, among all the academies and societies of later institution throughout Europe, none has produced a series of memoirs more truly valuable, than the collection of the transactions of the Royal Society of London.

But in no period of its history, has this society been distinguished for such discoveries as during the late presidency of Sir Joseph Banks; that these have been owing to a variety of circumstances, will be admitted; but



among these, the subject of this memoir has had no inconsiderable share.

It has been said, that Sir Joseph Banks was descended from a noble Swedish family; but, whatever truth there may be in this assertion, it is certain, that he did not trace his pedigree higher than the reign of Edward the Third, when his ancestor, Simon Banke, married the daughter and heir of — Caterton, of Newton, in Yorkshire. By this marriage, the manor of Newton, in the Wapentake of Staincliffe, came to the family of Banke, with whom it remained until it was sold, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

From this Simon Banke, Sir Joseph was the eighteenth in lineal descent. His grandfather, Joseph Banks, Esq. was High Sheriff of Lincolnshire, in the year 1736, and some time Member of Parliament for Peterborough. He possessed an ample fortune, which was inherited by the subject of this memoir.

Sir Joseph was born, December 13th, 1743. After a suitable preparatory education, he was sent to study at the University of Oxford. In every branch of liberal knowledge, he made great proficiency: Natural history in particular, engaged his fondest attachment, and at a very early age, he conceived an ardent ambition to promote this great science, by those eminent exertions, of which genius, fortune, and industry alone are capable.

At the time when Sir Joseph Banks began to cultivate the study of natural history, it was beginning to emerge from that neglect, into which the pursuit of natural philosophy alone had, for the last hundred years, thrown it. Linnæus; had produced for it an arrangement, and a nomenclature; and his pupils were travelling as naturalists, into every region of the earth, with an ardour, not less zealous and intrepid, than if they had gone to propagate a new religion, or to rifle the treasures of Mexican monarchs. In France, Buffon was beginning to render the study of natural history fashionable. In England, collections had been formed, which were eagerly consulted by every man of science, and praised with a warmth, that might well encourage young men of fortune to seek the same approbation, by the same means. The curiosity of naturalists was turned towards the new world, as containing ample treasures much less known, and more peculiar than those which remained to be explored in the old.

To go the narrow round of the common fashionable tour could appear but miserable trifling to a young man, whose mind glowed with a love of scientific enterprise, and of the knowledge of nature. But to explore scenes unknown, and contemplate the beauty and majesty of nature where they had not yet been violated by art, was a plan of travel worthy of the desire and the contrivance of virtue and genius.

It was with such views operating on his mind, that Mr. Banks, upon leaving the University of Oxford, in 1763, went on a voyage across the Atlantic, to the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador. That voyage was not without its difficulties and dangers; but it afforded a rich compensation in the new knowledge with which it filled his mind, and in those curiosities of natural history which it enabled him to collect.

The spirit of naval discovery, so eminently encouraged since the commencement of the last reign, soon presented a new opportunity by which Mr. Banks was engaged in a more distant and laborious voyage than that in which he made his first adventure of scientific inquiry. This was

in the first voyage of Lieut. Cook, whom government determined to send out for the double purpose of pursuing still farther the discoveries which had been already made in the South Seas, and for the benefit of astronomy, and all the arts dependent upon it, to observe in the latitude of Otaheite, an expected transit of Venus over the Sun. In this voyage, young Mr. Banks resolved to sail with Cook. His liberal spirit and generous curiosity were regarded with admiration; and every convenience from the government was readily supplied to render the circumstances of the voyage as little unpleasant to him as possible.

Far, however, from soliciting any accommodation that might occasion expense to government, Mr. Banks was ready to contribute largely out of his own private fortune towards the general purposes of the expedition. He engaged as his director in natural history during the voyage, and as the companion of his researches, Dr. Solander, of the British Museum, a Swede by birth, and one of the most eminent pupils of Linnæus, whose scientific merits had been his chief recommendation to patronage in England. He also took with him two draughtsmen, one to delineate views and figures, the other to paint subjects of natural history. A secretary and four servants formed the rest of his suite. He took care to provide likewise, the necessary instruments for his intended observations, with conveniences for preserving such specimens as he might collect of natural or artificial objects, and with stores to be distributed in the remote isles he was going to visit, for the improvement of the condition of savage life.

In the course of the voyage, dangers were encountered of more than ordinary magnitude. On the coast of Terra del Fuego, in an excursion to view the natural productions of the country, Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander had nearly perished in a storm of snow. After passing a night on land amidst the storm, they at last, and with much difficulty, made their way back to the beach, and were received on board the ship, but three of the persons who accompanied them were lost.

At Otaheite, where the Endeavour arrived on the 12th April, 1769, the voyagers continued three months, occasionally visiting the smaller contiguous isles, surveying the coasts, cultivating the friendships of the natives, collecting specimens of natural history, and making those scientific observations which constituted a principal object of the voyage. Quitting these islands, they next visited New Zealand and New Holland, where the same researches were as industriously pursued with considerable advantage; but the vessel unfortunately striking on a rock, injured it so much as to threaten the destruction of all on board. This occasioned a considerable injury to Mr. Banks's botanical collections, a great part of which were entirely destroyed. From this coast they steered for New Guinea. At Batavia, which they afterwards visited, every person belonging to the ship became sick except a sail maker, an old man between seventy and eighty years of age, who got drunk every day. Seven died at Batavia, and three and twenty more in the course of six weeks after the departure of the ship from the harbour. At length, on the 12th of June, 1771, the survivors brought the vessel to anchor in the Downs, and landed at Deal.

Mr. Banks was received in England with eager admiration and kindness, and the specimens which he brought at so much risk and expense to enrich the science of natural history, placed him above every other person of rank



and fortune in the age, both for personal qualities, and as a benefactor of mankind. At court, among men of science and literature, at home and abroad, he was equally honoured.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Original Poetry.

### PRAYER TO VENUS.

Oh let me rove from fair to fair,  
And quaff the nectar'd kiss;  
Let all my joys be free as air,  
My life be spent in bliss.  
Give me to range, without control,  
Thro' all the maze of love;  
Drink of the luscious Paphian bowl,  
And all thy mysteries prove.

W. S.

### EPIGRAM.

CHARGE your glasses, my boys, and your voices lend,  
While we each drink 'success to our knock-knee'd friend.'  
The joke is cross made, yet there's point, if you heed—  
For an old adage says 'no friend like one IN need!'

QUERY QUIBBLE.

## Fine Arts.

### ROYAL ACADEMY: SOMERSET HOUSE.

As the exhibition closes on the day in which this will appear, we shall briefly notice a few pictures in conclusion: No. 432, *Meleager and Atalanta*: R. T. Bone—there is in this picture, much fine dramatic character; to the extreme right of the picture is a line of combatants, prepared to repel the attack of the boar, in which group is a man protecting another unarmed, and raising a battle axe against the boar, and another unarmed man is climbing a tree to elude its pursuit; behind, is a man carried away dead; in the distance, is a female weeping, and to the left is a well-executed ivy-bound tree; there is much beauty in the picture, notwithstanding the outline and colouring, in particular parts, are rather harsh. Proceeding to the Antique Academy, we admire No. 453, *landscape composition*: J. Gandy—interesting and rich:

'What time 'tis sweet, o'er fields of corn to stray,  
Or scent the breathing maize, at setting day.'

No. 46, *Venus and Cupid*, enamel, after Paul Veronese: H. Bone—the internal flesh forms are not sufficiently marked. No. 490, is a very fine large enamel *Portrait of his late Majesty, on horseback*—after a picture by Sir W. Beechey, in which the horse is painted by Ward; the noble fire of the horse is admirably represented in this fine enamel. No. 592 is an interesting *Cottage Scene*: W. M. Craig—and affords an amusing picture of the rude conviviality of country life; the figures appear eagerly availing themselves of the benefit of good appetites, and the venerable old man has so imperfect a sight, that he cannot direct his knife and fork properly, without stooping to see his food.

### LE CHEVALIER ISABEY.

THE great merit of the works of *Chevalier Isabey*, has raised him to great repute, since his late arrival in the

metropolis. A few days ago, his Majesty requested to see the very beautiful large drawing, on the prepared ground, which we particularly alluded to in our notice of this artist's works; and expressing himself greatly delighted at the eminent beauty of its execution, gave the Chevalier a commission to paint some pictures,—one, amongst the many proofs of his Majesty's warm attachment to, and encouragement of, the fine arts. \* \* T.

## The Drama.

As the winter theatres, (as they are rather inaptly called,) draw near the end of the season, they seldom present any other novelty than what the whim of the performers may induce them to select for their benefits. These at both houses have generally been well attended,—a proof of the merit of the individuals, and the liberality of the public. The public interest was a good deal excited by an announcement that her Majesty, the Queen, would honour Drury Lane Theatre with her presence, on Wednesday night. Due notice was given, and all free admissions suspended; but, in the course of the day, her Majesty sent a communication to Mr. Elliston, deferring her visit for the present. This disappointment, (much to the credit of the manager,) was made known to the public by placards, in the course of the morning, in consequence of which the comedy of *Speed the Plough* was performed to a comparatively thin audience.

MR. MATHEWS ABROAD.—This gentleman having been 'at home' for forty nights, during which he delighted a crowded audience every evening, made his farewell bow, on Saturday night. In his address, after thanking his friends for their liberal support, mixed with a little pardonable egotism, he announced his intention of producing an entertainment next year, varied 'not only in substance and character, but in method and arrangement also.' We would advise him to introduce his Country Cousins at the approaching ceremonial, and give us the 'Humours of a Coronation.' Mr. Mathews has set out on a tour through England, and is to be 'At Home,' at Chester, on Monday next.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Kelly had her benefit at this theatre, on Monday last, and was honoured with that liberal patronage, to which her private worth and professional talents so justly entitle her.

This theatre commences its brief, but lively season, this evening, (Thursday) with an excellent company, &c. under the management of Mr. Bartley, who has just returned from the United States. Among our old favourites, we recognize Wrench, Mr. and Mrs. Chatterley, Misses Kelly, Carew, and Stevenson; T. P. Cooke, and Wilkinson; there are also some new performers, of whom provincial report speaks highly. The theatre opens, under the auspices of the Duke of Sussex, with a new comic operetta, called '*The Promissory Note*.' It is a free translation from a French piece, and the music is composed by Mr. Boscha.

## Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Comet of 1819.—The comet of 1819, has been the subject of some curious enquiries by M. Olbers, one of the first astronomers of the present age. He has now proved by positive calculations, that this comet is the same which shewed itself in



1786, in 1795, in 1801, and in 1805. It makes its revolution round the sun in three years and three months, a little more or a little less. Its orbit does not pass beyond that of Jupiter, and its greatest distance from the sun is not double that of the earth. It forms, therefore, a new circle of transition between the planets and comets. In the space of one hundred years, it cuts the orbit of our planet sixty times. It will return in 1822, but it will not be visible in our hemisphere; on the celestial hemisphere, however, it will shine with extraordinary brilliancy. Towards the seventy-seventh parallel on the polar arctic circle, its light will be twenty-six times greater than on the occasion of its appearance in 1819, on our horizon.

Sir Joseph Banks, with that munificence and public spirit which distinguished the whole of his life, has left his valuable library to the British Museum. Rich in every department of science, and particularly in natural history, in which, we believe, it is unrivalled: it will be a most acceptable gift to that institution, and will fill up a blank in the library of printed books, which is far from being complete in the works published since the death of Sir Hans Sloane, to the last twenty years. An admirably arranged catalogue of Sir Joseph's library was published some years ago in a thick 8vo. volume. Since then, it has received many valuable additions.

#### *Nutritive qualities of Vegetables.*—

|                      |                   |                 |
|----------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
| Bread                | contains          | 80 parts in 100 |
| Meal                 | -                 | 34 do.          |
| French Beans         | -                 | 92 do.          |
| Common do.           | -                 | 89 do.          |
| Pease                | -                 | 93 do.          |
| Lentils              | -                 | 94 do.          |
| Cabbages and Turnips | 8 of solid matter | do.             |
| Carrots and Spinach  | 14                | do.             |
| Potatoes             | -                 | 25 do.          |

Hence 1 pound of good bread is equal to 2½ or 3lb. of potatoes, and 75lb. of bread and 30lbs. of meal may be substituted for 300lbs. of potatoes; three parts and a quarter of cabbage and turnips are equal to one of potatoes; about two parts of carrots and spinach are equal to one of potatoes; and about 3½ parts of potatoes to one of rice, lentils, beans, and pease.

*Royal Society.*—At a meeting of the Royal Society on Wednesday evening, Dr. Wollaston was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant chair, until the election of a President, which will take place in November next.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the wishes often expressed by many friends in the country, a stamped edition of the *Literary Chronicle*, entitled the *Country Literary Chronicle*, is commenced this day, price 10d. By this arrangement the *Literary Chronicle* may be received by the mail free of postage. Orders are requested to be forwarded to our Publishers direct, or through the Country Booksellers, Postmasters, and Newsmen.

'The Veteran's Arm' in our next.

H. E. W., Mercutio, and the Letter on Clerical Dancing, are received.

J. R. P. is informed that a patent has already been obtained for a plan for cleaning, painting, and repairing windows, within the rooms, which avoids all the dangers he mentions. This invention was shortly noticed in our first number.

'A Lover of the Rural' will not do.

The letter of 'A Real Friend,' (a novelty in these degenerate times,) has been received; we thank him for his remarks.

The wish of our correspondent in Stafford Street shall be attended to.

Several poetical articles are deferred for want of room.

Errata: p. 414, col. 1, l. 22, for 'corner' read 'cover'; p. 415, col. 1, l. 10 from bottom, for 'effection' read 'affection'; l. 8, for 'are' read 'is.'

#### MR. ISABEY'S PICTURES.

**THE EXHIBITION of MR. ISABEY'S WORKS,** at his Gallery, No. 61, Pall Mall, attracts the attention of Amateurs. This Collection of Water Colour Drawings, contains PORTRAITS of several Crowned Heads; of all the Ministers who assembled at the Congress of Vienna; a very large and highly interesting Drawing, containing Portraits of Bonaparte, surrounded by his Staff, reviewing the Consular Guard, in the Palace du Carrousal; and a great variety of very pleasing Landscapes, Views, Sketches, &c.

#### MEMOIRS OF HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

This day is published, No. I, price One Shilling, of **THE MEMOIRS of HENRY HUNT, Esq.** written by himself, in his Majesty's Jail, at Ilchester.—Mr. Hunt intends, in the History of his Life, to introduce Original Anecdotes of several Hundred Public Characters of all ranks, with whom he has been in contact.

In No. I. is given a Portrait of Mr. Hunt, from a Drawing taken in the King's Bench Prison, the morning after his late sentence; engraved by T. Woolnoth.

Published by T. Dolby, 299, Strand, and 34, Wardour Street, Soho, London; and sold by all Booksellers.

Just published, by J. MAWMAN, 39, Ludgate Street, in two vols. 4to. price 5l. 5s. in boards,

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